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MEGATRON

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STORY SO FAR:
After Megatron was severely damaged, Starscream assumed command of the Decepticons… and everything fell apart. Now Megatron is back, in a new body… but with the same old attitude…

(Editor's note: This story takes place prior to the events of Transformers, Vol 3: Revenge of the Decepticons*)*

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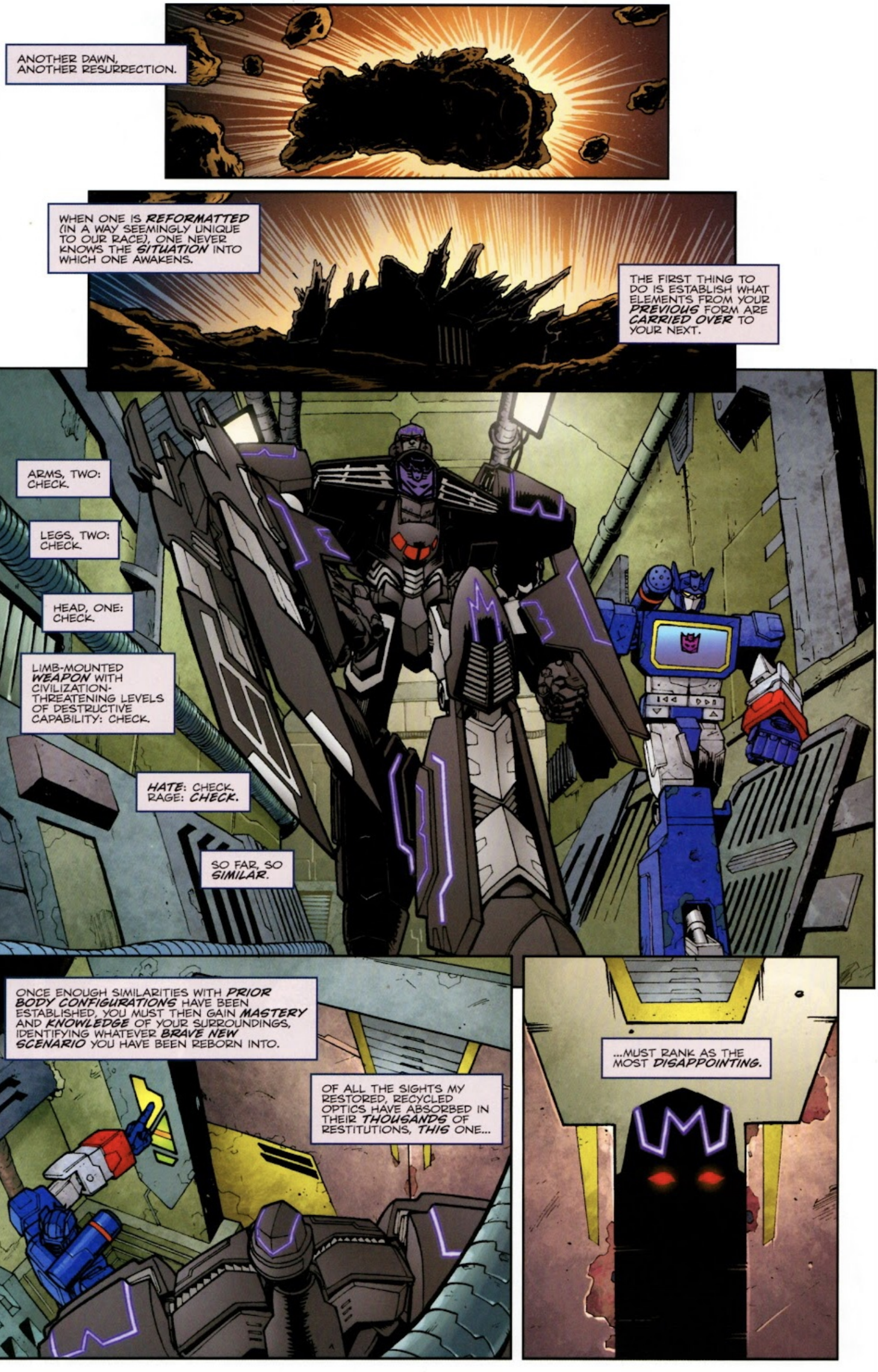
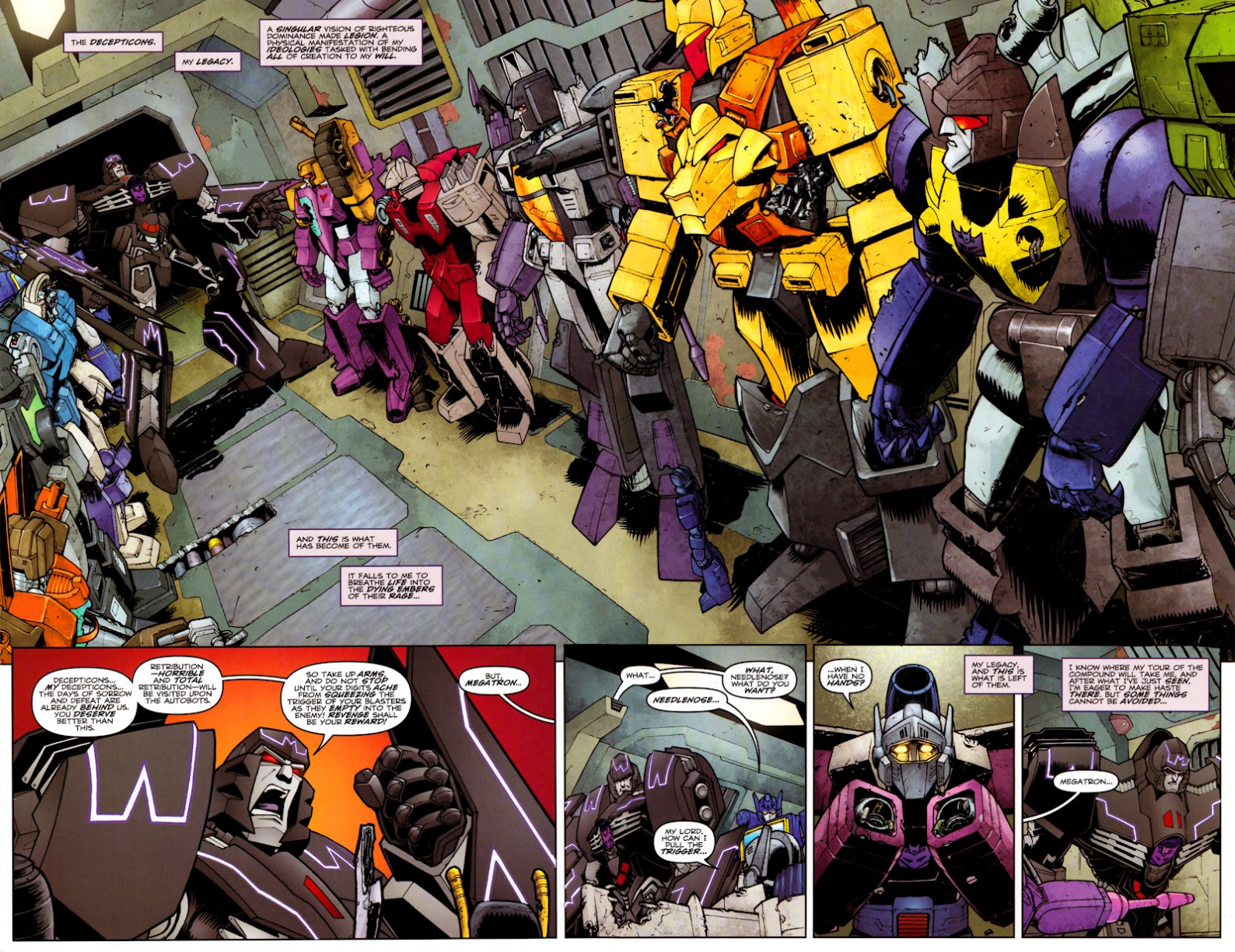
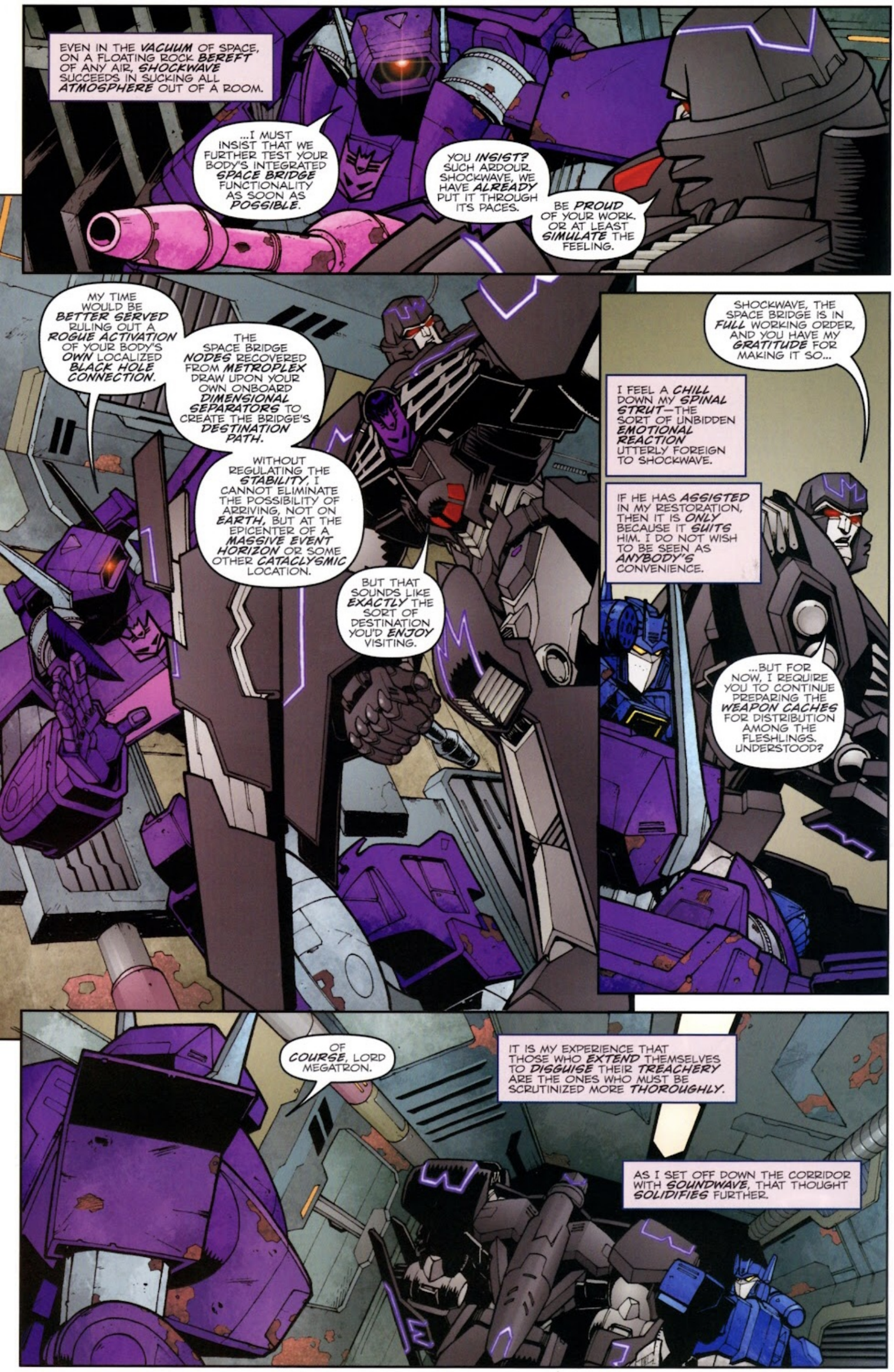
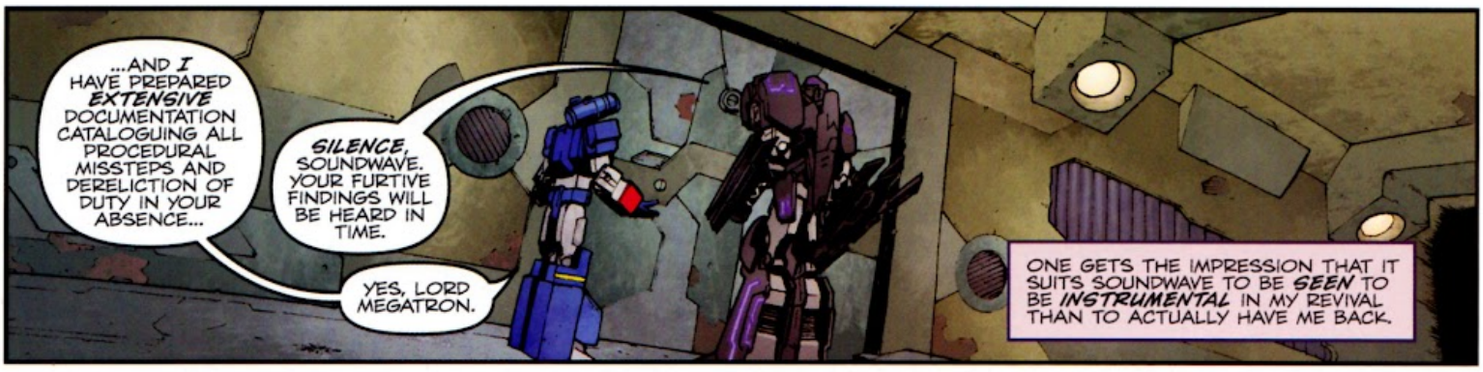

ANOTHER DAWN, ANOTHER RESURRECTION.
WHEN ONE IS REFORMATTED (IN A WAY SEEMINGLY UNIQUE TO OUR RACE), ONE NEVER KNOWS THE SITUATION INTO WHICH ONE AWAKENS.
THE FIRST THING TO DO IS ESTABLISH WHAT ELEMENTS FROM YOUR PREVIOUS FORM ARE CARRIED OVER TO YOUR NEXT.
ARMS, TWO: CHECK.
LEGS, TWO: CHECK.
HEAD, ONE: CHECK.
LIMB-MOUNTED WEAPON WITH CIVILIZATION-THREATENING LEVELS OF DESTRUCTIVE CAPABILITY: CHECK.
HATE: CHECK. RAGE: CHECK.
SO FAR, SO SIMILAR.
ONCE ENOUGH SIMILARITIES WITH PRIOR BODY CONFIGURATIONS HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, YOU MUST THEN GAIN MASTERY AND KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS, IDENTIFYING WHATEVER BRAVE NEW SCENARIO YOU HAVE BEEN REBORN INTO.
OF ALL THE SIGHTS MY RESTORED, RECYCLED OPTICS HAVE ABSORBED IN THEIR THOUSANDS OF RESTITUTIONS, THIS ONE...
...MUST RANK AS THE MOST DISAPPOINTING.


THE DECEPTICONS.
MY LEGACY.
A SINGULAR VISION OF RIGHTEOUS DOMINANCE MADE LEGION. A PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF MY IDEOLOGIES TASKED WITH BENDING ALL OF CREATION TO MY WILL.
AND THIS IS WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM.
IT FALLS TO ME TO BREATHE LIFE INTO THE DYING EMBERS OF THEIR RAGE...
DECEPTICONS... MY DECEPTICONS... THE DAYS OF SORROW AND DEFEAT ARE ALREADY BEHIND US. YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS.
RETRIBUTION --HORRIBLE AND TOTAL RETRIBUTION--WILL BE VISITED UPON THE AUTOBOTS.
SO TAKE UP ARMS, AND DO NOT STOP UNTIL YOUR DIGITS ACHE FROM SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER OF YOUR BLASTERS AS THEY EMPTY INTO THE ENEMY! REVENGE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD!
BUT MEGATRON...
WHAT...
WHAT, NEEDLENOSE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NEEDLENOSE...
MY LORD, HOW CAN I PULL THE TRIGGER...
...WHEN I HAVE NO HANDS?
MY LEGACY, AND THIS IS WHAT IS LEFT OF THEM.
I KNOW WHERE MY TOUR OF THE COMPOUND WILL TAKE ME, AND AFTER WHAT I'VE JUST SEEN, I'M EAGER TO MAKE HASTE THERE BUT SOME THINGS CANNOT BE AVOIDED...
MEGATRON...


EVEN IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE, ON A FLOATING ROCK BEREFT OF ANY AIR, SHOCKWAVE SUCCEEDS IN SUCKING ALL ATMOSPHERE OUT OF A ROOM.
...I MUST INSIST THAT WE FURTHER TEST YOUR BODY'S INTEGRATED SPACE BRIDGE FUNCTIONALITY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
YOU INSIST? SUCH ARDOUR. SHOCKWAVE, WE HAVE ALREADY PUT IT THROUGH ITS PACES.
BE PROUD OF YOUR WORK. OR AT LEAST SIMULATE THE FEELING.
MY TIME WOULD BE BETTER SERVED RULING OUT A ROGUE ACTIVATION OF YOUR BODY'S OWN LOCALIZED BLACK HOLE CONNECTION.
THE SPACE BRIDGE NODES RECOVERED FROM METROPLEX DRAW UPON YOUR OWN ONBOARD DIMENSIONAL SEPARATORS TO CREATE THE BRIDGE'S DESTINATION PATH.
WITHOUT REGULATING THE STABILITY, I CANNOT ELIMINATE THE POSSIBILITY OF ARRIVING, NOT ON EARTH, BUT AT THE EPICENTER OF A MASSIVE EVENT HORIZON OR SOME OTHER CATACLYSMIC LOCATION.
BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE EXACTLY THE SORT OF DESTINATION YOU'D ENJOY VISITING.
SHOCKWAVE, THE SPACE BRIDGE IS IN FULL WORKING ORDER, AND YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE FOR MAKING IT SO...
I FEEL A CHILL DOWN MY SPINAL STRUT—THE SORT OF UNBIDDEN EMOTIONAL REACTION UTTERLY FOREIGN TO SHOCKWAVE.
IF HE HAS ASSISTED IN MY RESTORATION, THEN IT IS ONLY BECAUSE IT SUITS HIM. I DO NOT WISH TO BE SEEN AS ANYBODY'S CONVENIENCE.
...BUT FOR NOW, I REQUIRE YOU TO CONTINUE PREPARING THE WEAPON CACHES FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE FLESHLINGS. UNDERSTOOD?
OF COURSE, LORD MEGATRON.
IT IS MY EXPERIENCE THAT THOSE WHO EXTEND THEMSELVES TO DISGUISE THEIR TREACHERY ARE THE ONES WHO MUST BE SCRUTINIZED MORE THOROUGHLY.
AS I SET OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR WITH SOUNDWAVE, THAT THOUGHT SOLIDIFIES FURTHER.



AND I HAVE THE SUSPICION THAT MOLECULARLY SENSITIVE LISTENING DEVICES WILL NOT BE REQUIRED TO HEAR WHAT IS TO FOLLOW.

BUT FOR THE PURPOSE OF WHAT'S TO COME, I WANT IT TO JUST BE ME AND HIM...

...STARSCREAM.

I WANT THE ENTIRETY OF STARSCREAM'S UNIVERSE TO COMPRISE OF JUST THE ANGUISH-DAMPENED MISERY PIT HE'S BURROWED OUT FOR HIMSELF...

...AND ME.

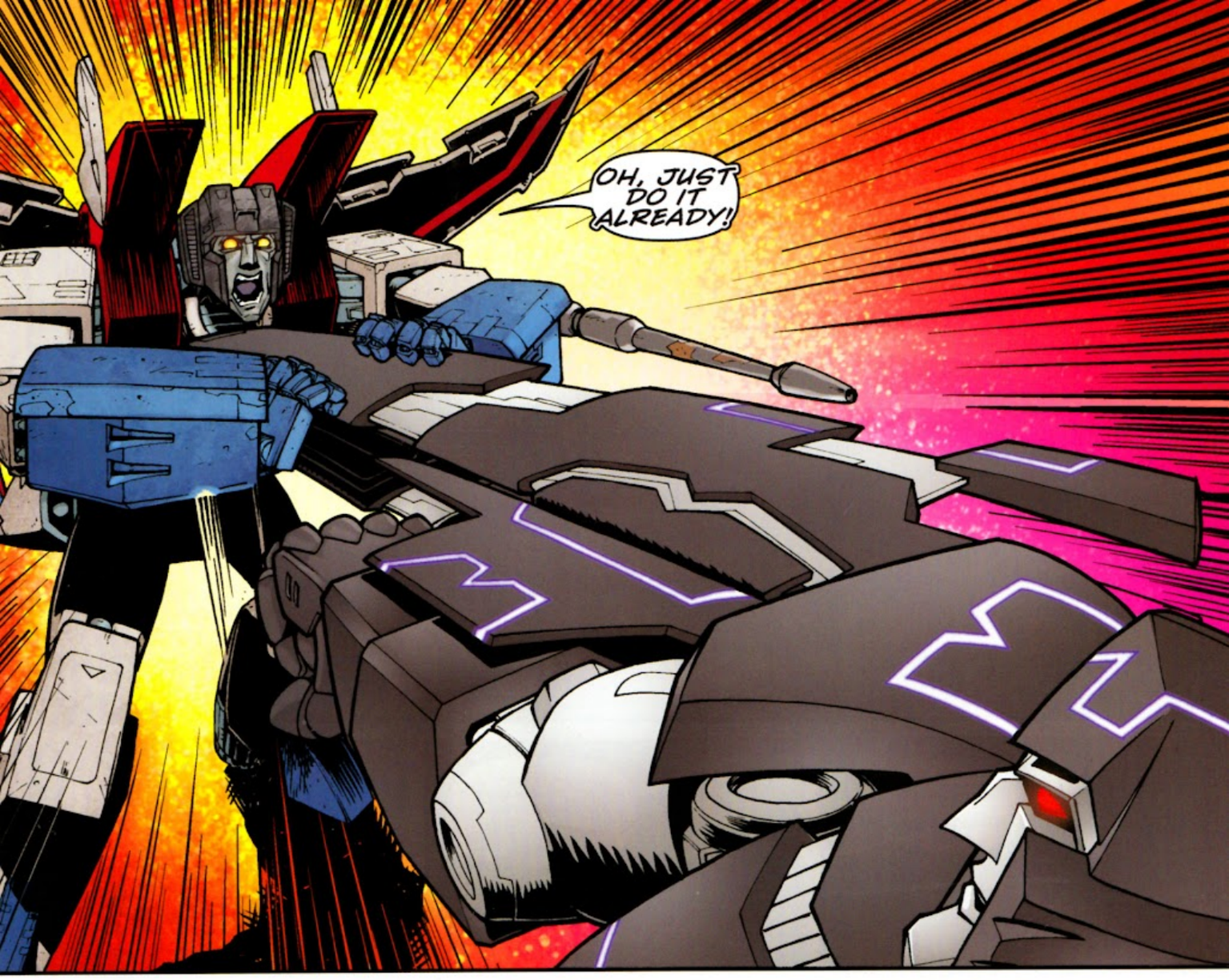
HELLO, STARSCREAM.

UP. YOU'LL NOT FIND YOUR DIGNITY DOWN THERE.

I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT YOUR TENURE AS LEADER OF THE DECEPTICONS.
REALLY? YOU'D JUST LIKE TO HAVE A CHAT ABOUT... THAT?
THREE YEARS, STARSCREAM. THREE YEARS YOU'VE BEEN IN COMMAND OF THE DECEPTICONS.
YOU MUST BE EAGER TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
WHY AM I DOING WHAT?
LOOK, I DON'T CARE, ALRIGHT? I DON'T CARE THAT YOU WANT TO HUMILIATE ME BEFORE UNLEASHING WHATEVER HUGELY CREATIVE PUNISHMENT YOU'VE GOT IN MIND...

PUNISHMENT?
GGH... WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT...
NO, I MEAN, PUNISHMENT FOR WHAT? DO YOU DESERVE PUNISHMENT, STARSCREAM?


OH, JUST DO IT ALREADY!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE. THIS WON'T BE ANY SPORT AT ALL.
THREE YEARS AGO.

YES...
THREE YEARS AGO, I FELL IN BATTLE. AND YOU ASSUMED COMMAND.
YOU DID NOT OVERTHROW ME.
YOU SAW A GAP, AND YOU MEEKLY STEPPED IN TO FILL IT. AM I RIGHT? IS THAT HOW THE REIGN OF STARSCREAM BEGAN?
...

NOTHING. NEITHER SNEER NOR SMIRK.

AND I WONDER IF WHILE RUNNING THE LEGACY OF THE DECEPTICONS INTO THE DIRT, STARSCREAM ALSO SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING HIMSELF.

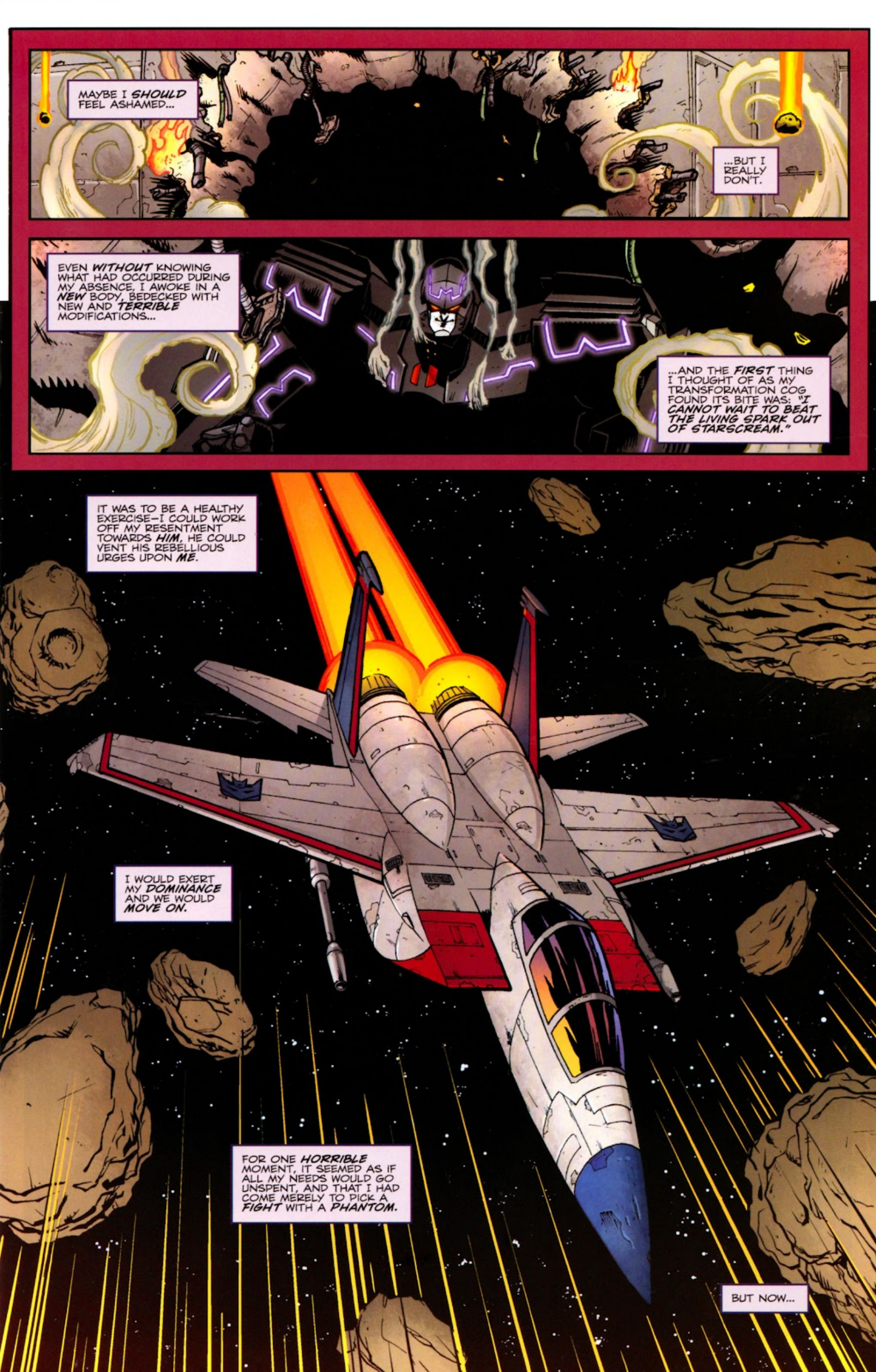
YOUR SILENCE IS ***WEARING***, STARSCREAM. SO IT FALLS TO ME TO ***SUMMARIZE*** YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS.

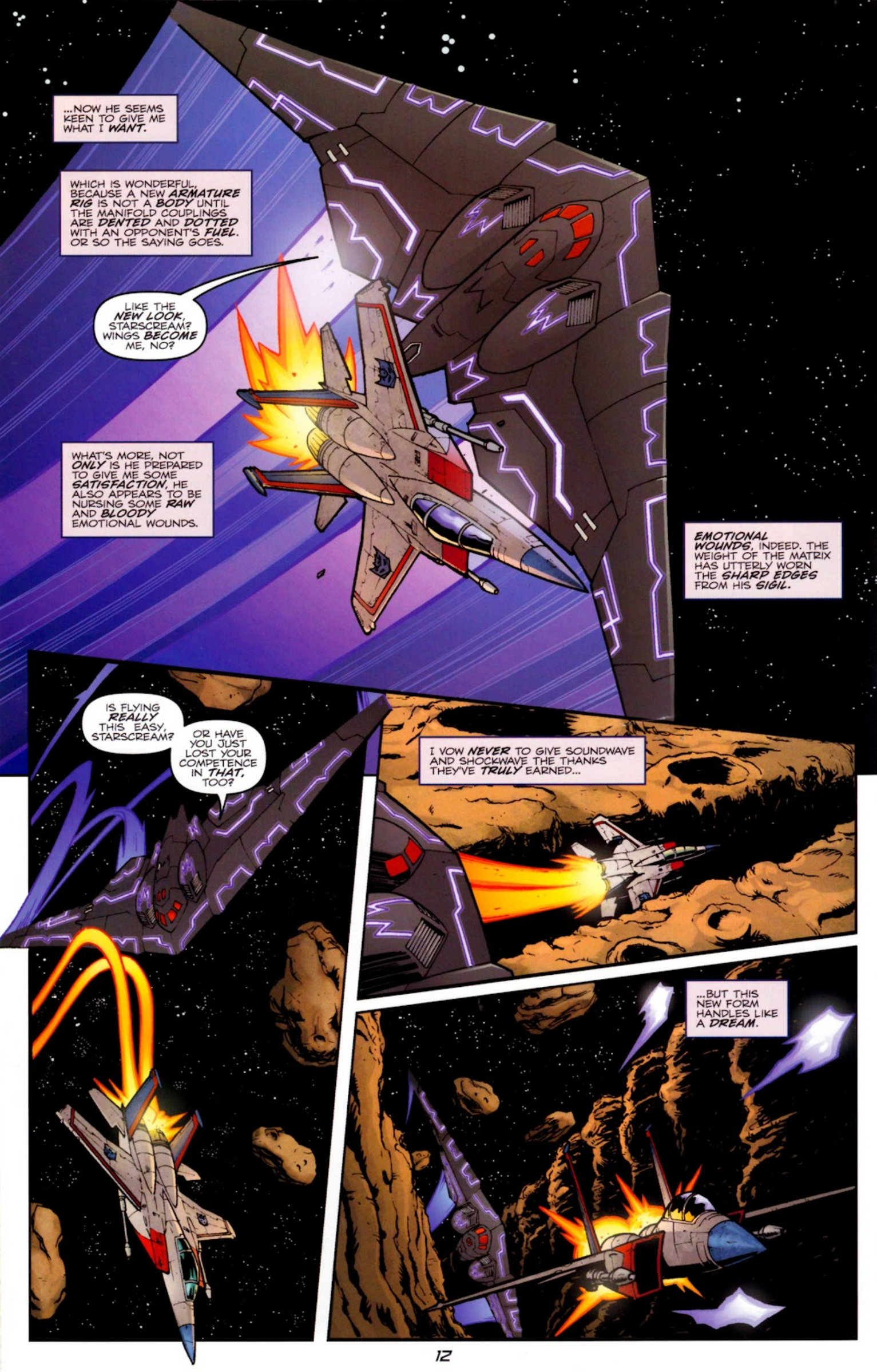
UNDER YOUR RULE, THE ***INFRASTRUCTURE*** OF THE DECEPTICON MILITARY BODY LIES IN ***TATTERS***, WITH NO FUNCTIONING COMMUNICATION NETWORK IN OPERATION THROUGHOUT THE FORCE.

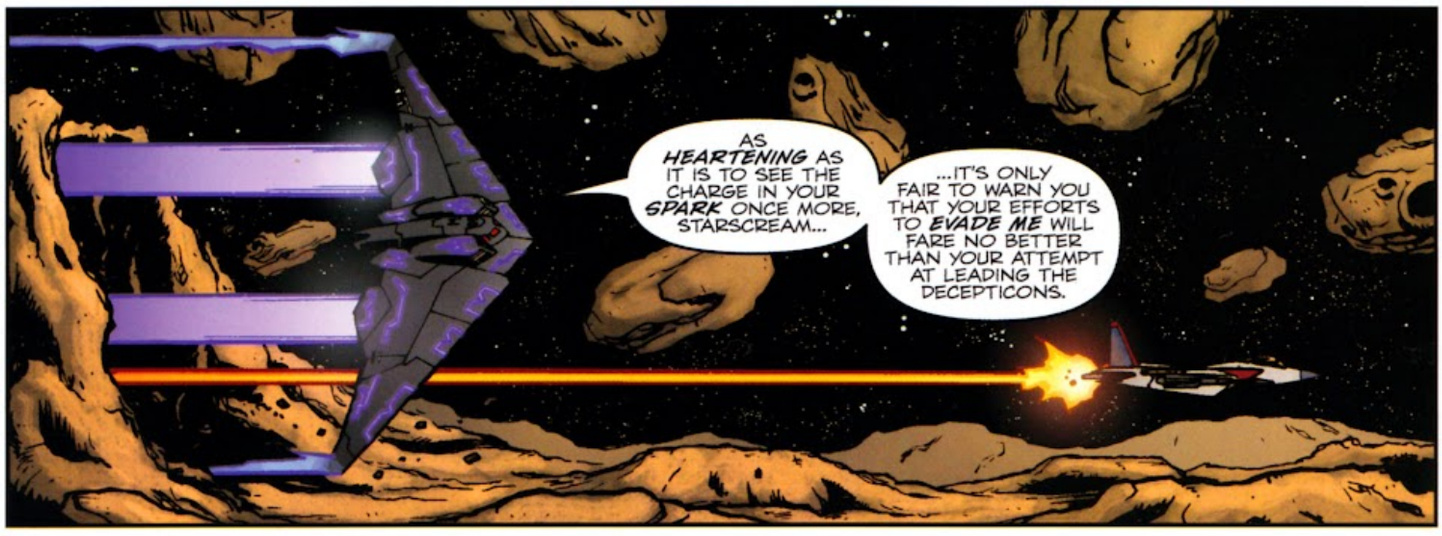
OUR RACE HAS BEEN ***REDUCED*** TO PILFERING ***SCRAPS*** OF ENERGON FROM SUBSTANDARD ALIEN SOURCES AND ***JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS*** FOR FUEL AND SHELTER AMONGST THE ***FLESHLINGS.***

THE HIGH COMMAND OF THIS ***ONCE-FEARED*** ARMY ***HUDDLE*** ON AN ASTEROID OF ***NO STRATEGIC WORTH***, WHILE AT THEIR FEET, THEIR UNDERLINGS ***CONSUME*** AND ***CANNIBALIZE*** ONE ANOTHER.

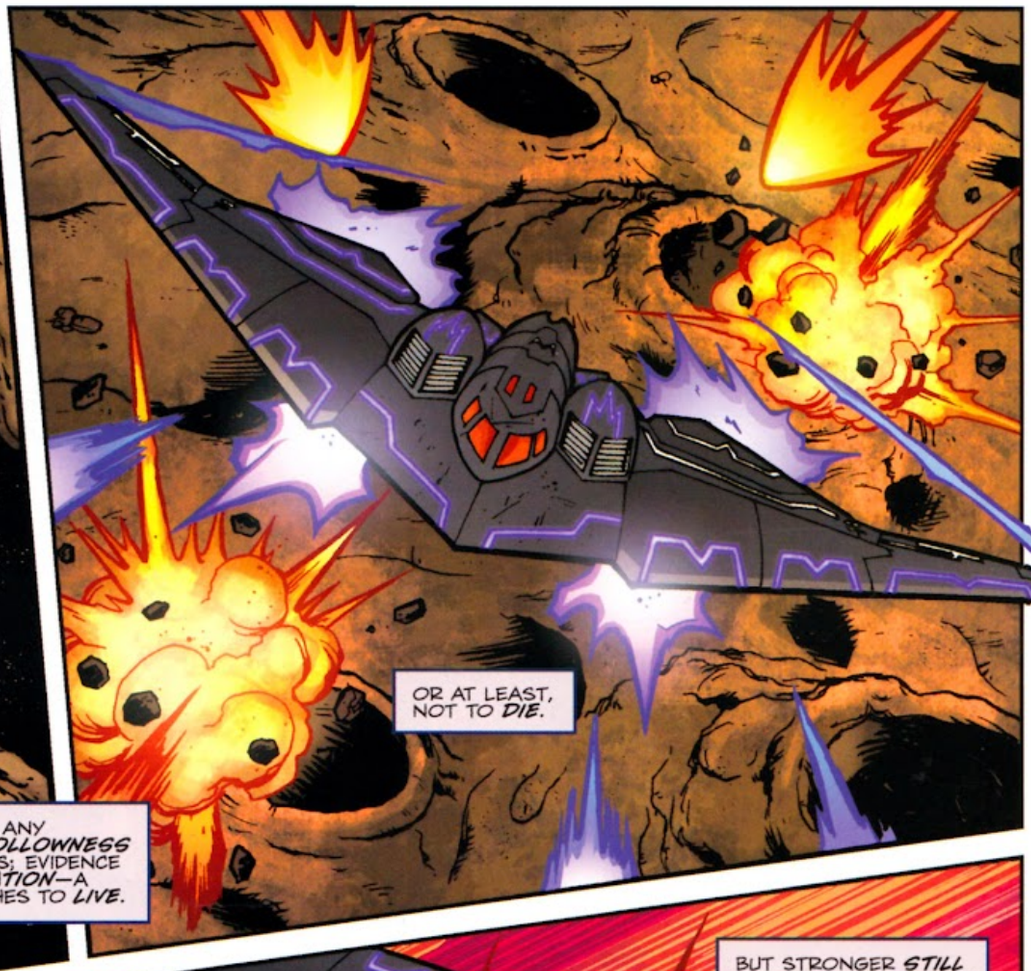
NNNGAAAARRGGHH!
CHAGGA
CHAGGA
STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT!
OH NO.
BW-BMM

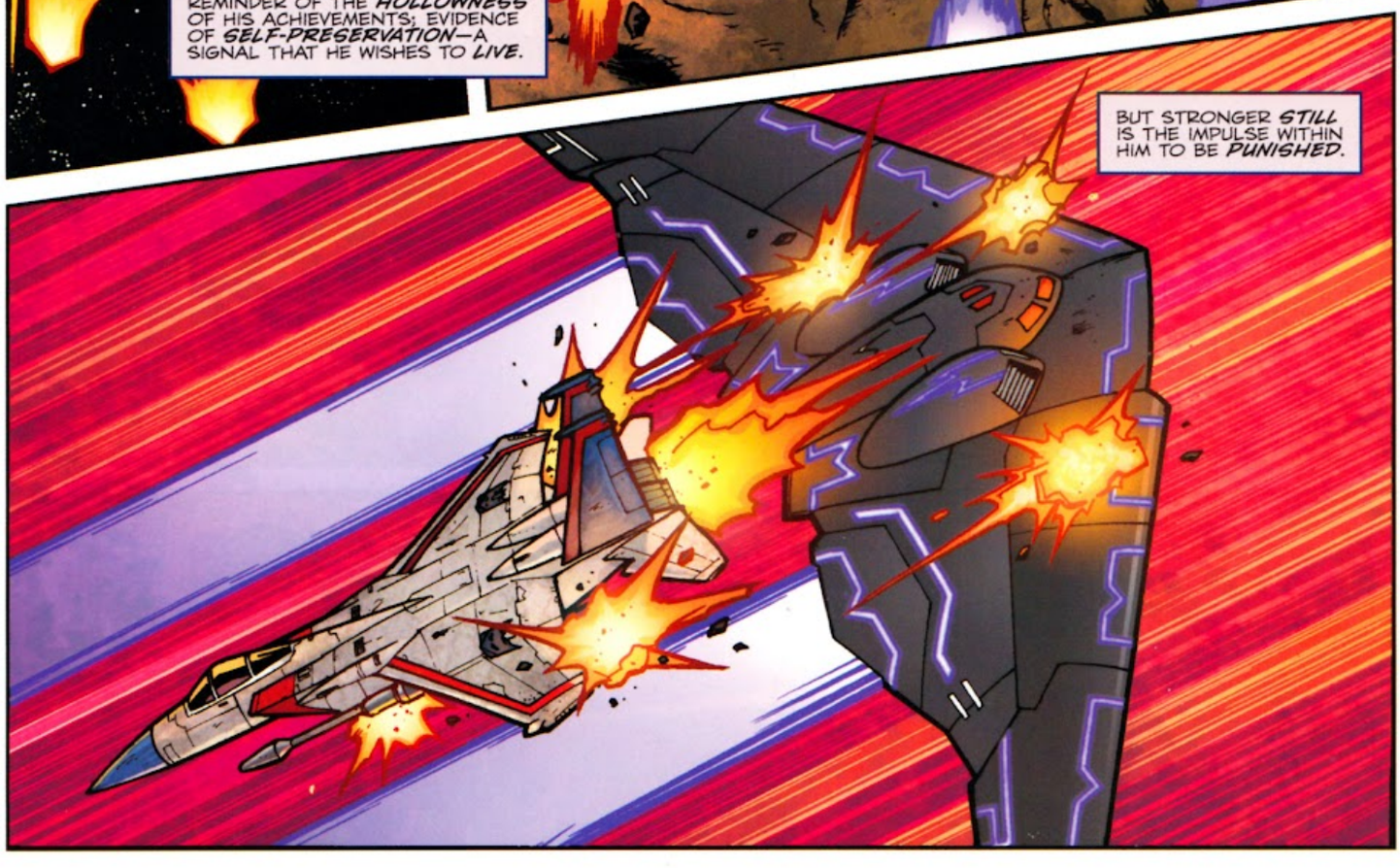

MAYBE I SHOULD FEEL ASHAMED...
...BUT I REALLY DON'T.
EVEN WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAD OCCURRED DURING MY ABSENCE, I AWOKE IN A NEW BODY, BEDECKED WITH NEW AND TERRIBLE MODIFICATIONS...
...AND THE FIRST THING I THOUGHT OF AS MY TRANSFORMATION COG FOUND ITS BITE WAS: "I CANNOT WAIT TO BEAT THE LIVING SPARK OUT OF STARSCREAM."
IT WAS TO BE A HEALTHY EXERCISE—I COULD WORK OFF MY RESENTMENT TOWARDS HIM, HE COULD VENT HIS REBELLIOUS URGES UPON ME.
I WOULD EXERT MY DOMINANCE AND WE WOULD MOVE ON.
FOR ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT, IT SEEMED AS IF ALL MY NEEDS WOULD GO UNSPENT, AND THAT I HAD COME MERELY TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A PHANTOM.
BUT NOW...


...NOW HE SEEMS KEEN TO GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.
WHICH IS WONDERFUL, BECAUSE A NEW ARMATURE RIG IS NOT A BODY UNTIL THE MANIFOLD COUPLINGS ARE DENTED AND DOTTED WITH AN OPPONENT'S FUEL. OR SO THE SAYING GOES.
LIKE THE NEW LOOK, STARSCREAM? WINGS BECOME ME, NO?
WHAT'S MORE, NOT ONLY IS HE PREPARED TO GIVE ME SOME SATISFACTION, HE ALSO APPEARS TO BE NURSING SOME RAW AND BLOODY EMOTIONAL WOUNDS.
EMOTIONAL WOUNDS, INDEED. THE WEIGHT OF THE MATRIX HAS UTTERLY WORN THE SHARP EDGES FROM HIS SIGIL.
IS FLYING REALLY THIS EASY, STARSCREAM?
OR HAVE YOU JUST LOST YOUR COMPETENCE IN THAT, TOO?
I VOW NEVER TO GIVE SOUNDWAVE AND SHOCKWAVE THE THANKS THEY'VE TRULY EARNED...
...BUT THIS NEW FORM HANDLES LIKE A DREAM.

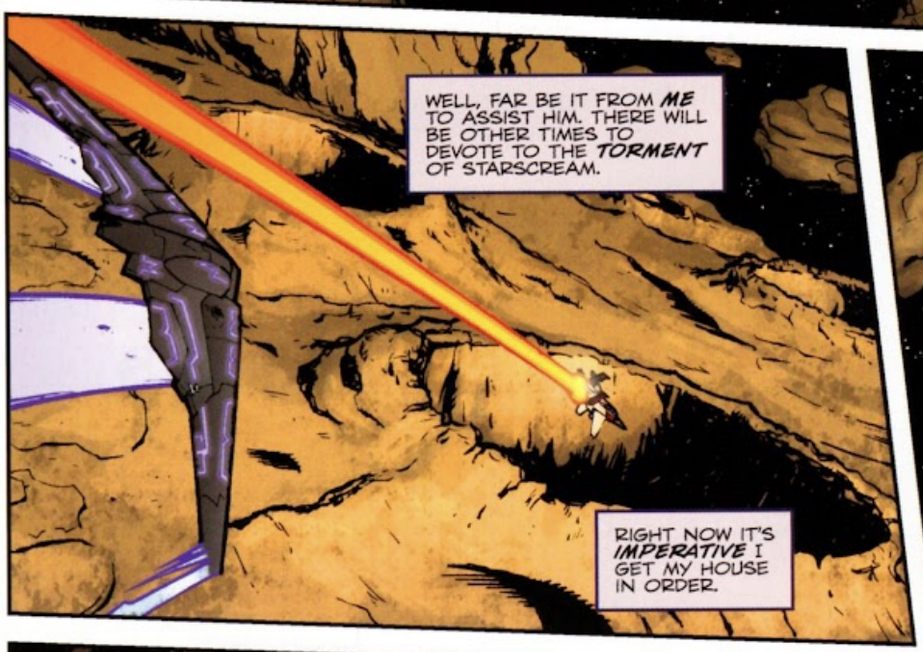

AS HEARTENING AS IT IS TO SEE THE CHARGE IN YOUR SPARK ONCE MORE, STARSCREAM...
...IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU THAT YOUR EFFORTS TO EVADE ME WILL FARE NO BETTER THAN YOUR ATTEMPT AT LEADING THE DECEPTICONS.

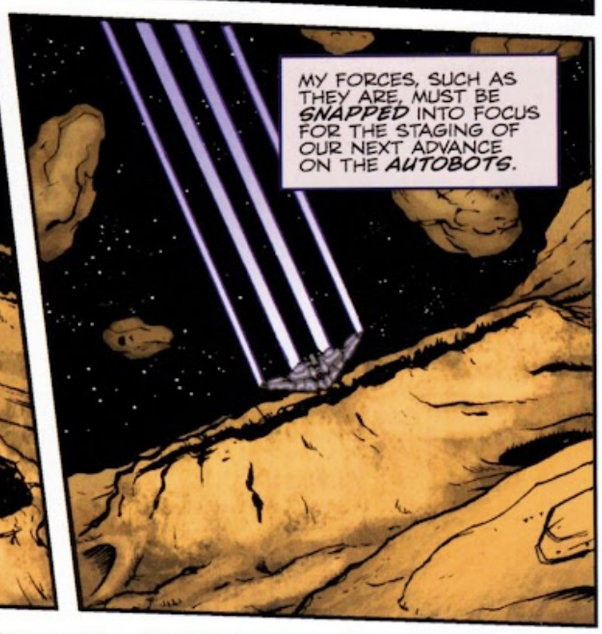
AND THERE IT IS—THE ALKALI IN THE APERTURE!
HE LASHES OUT AT ANY REMINDER OF THE HOLLOWNESS OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS; EVIDENCE OF SELF-PRESERVATION—A SIGNAL THAT HE WISHES TO LIVE.


OR AT LEAST, NOT TO DIE.


BUT STRONGER STILL IS THE IMPULSE WITHIN HIM TO BE PUNISHED.

NO—NOT PUNISHED...
...HE BELIEVES THE PHYSICAL TRAUMA I INTEND TO ENACT UPON HIM WILL BE RESPITE FROM THE DAGGERS OF GUILT HE HAULS HIMSELF OVER.


WELL, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO ASSIST HIM. THERE WILL BE OTHER TIMES TO DEVOTE TO THE TORMENT OF STARSCREAM.
RIGHT NOW IT'S IMPERATIVE I GET MY HOUSE IN ORDER.

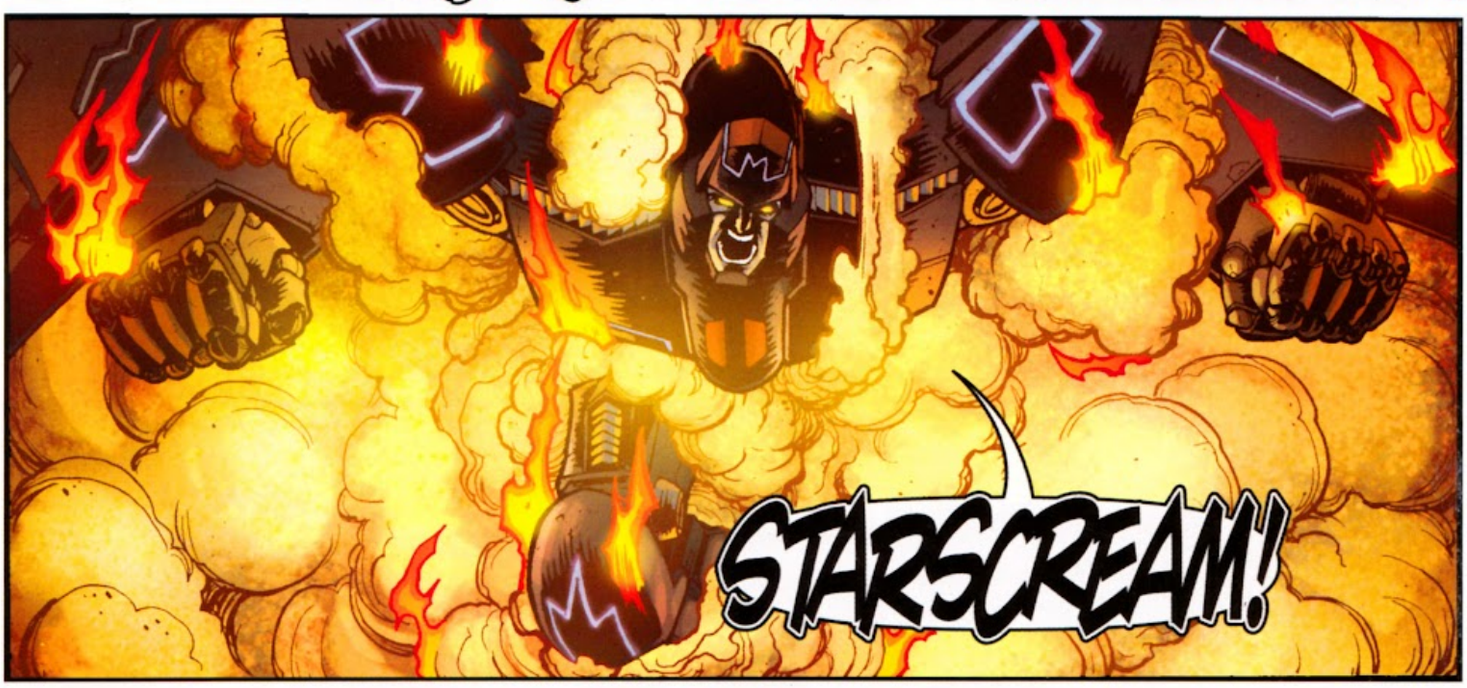

MY FORCES, SUCH AS THEY ARE, MUST BE SNAPPED INTO FOCUS FOR THE STAGING OF OUR NEXT ADVANCE ON THE AUTOBOTS.

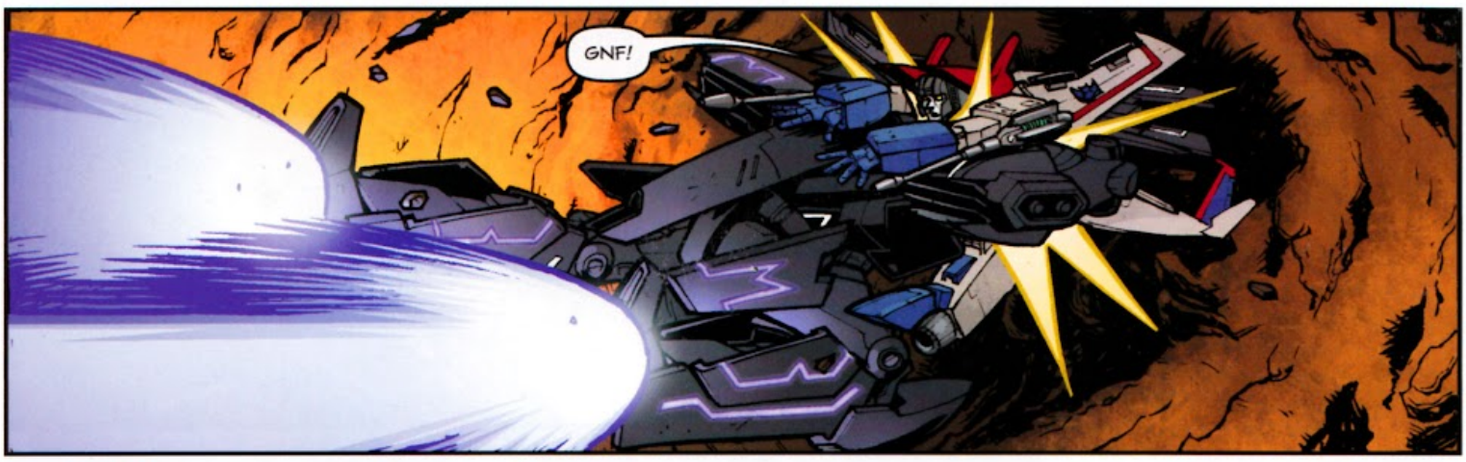
SO IT'S A TOUR OF YOUR DOMAIN, IS IT?
A HOLLOW ROCK FOR AN EMPTY LEADER.

FA-TA-TOW

THROOM

MEGATRON...?
4-ROOSH


STARSCREAM!


GNF!

ENOUGH.

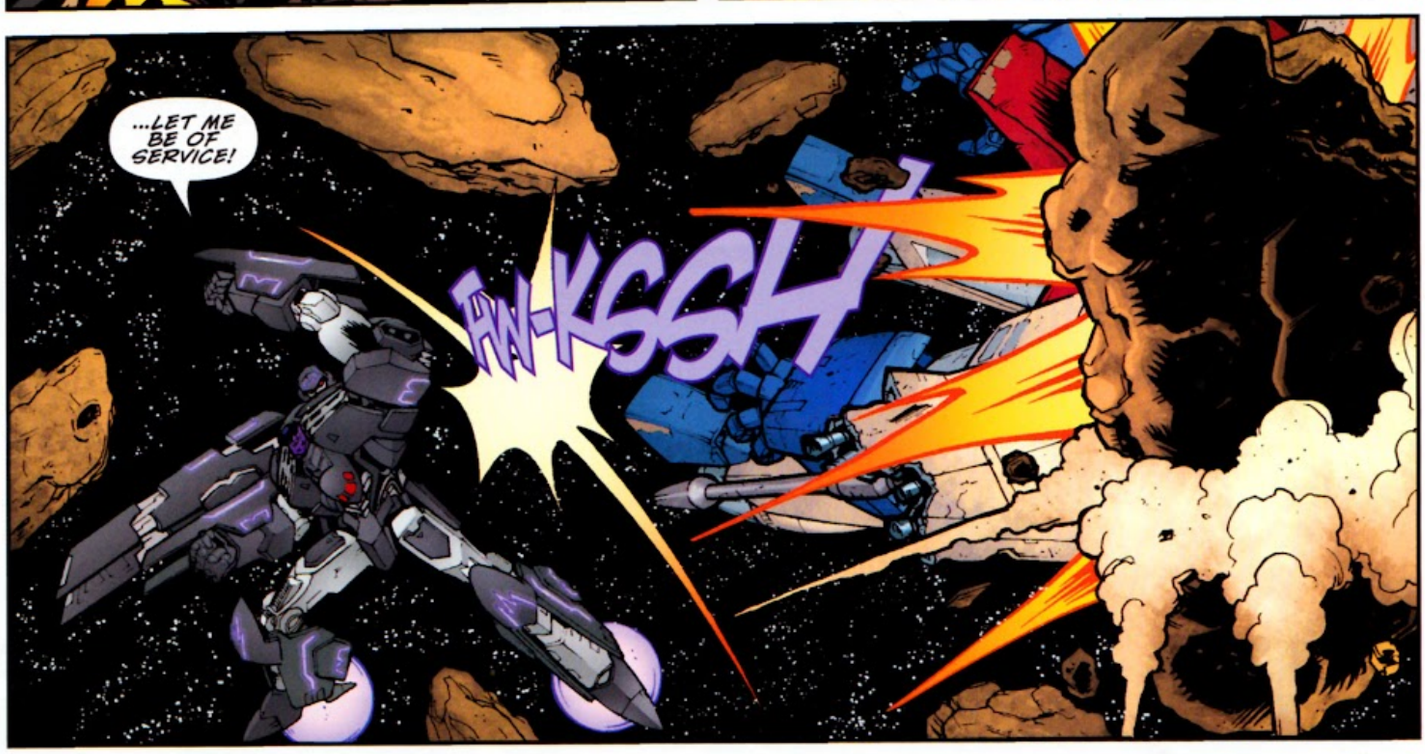
NOT DEAD.
GHH
GOOD.
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, STARSCREAM? WHAT DID YOU IMAGINE WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN YOU OPENED FIRE ON ME?
LOOK AT ME! I AM MEGATRON!
EVEN AS I LAY IN DISREPAIR UNDER YOUR NOSE YOU COULD NOT VANQUISH ME! WHAT HOPE HAVE YOU NOW?
HOPE?! FNAH... HOPE TOOK A WALK LONG AGO...

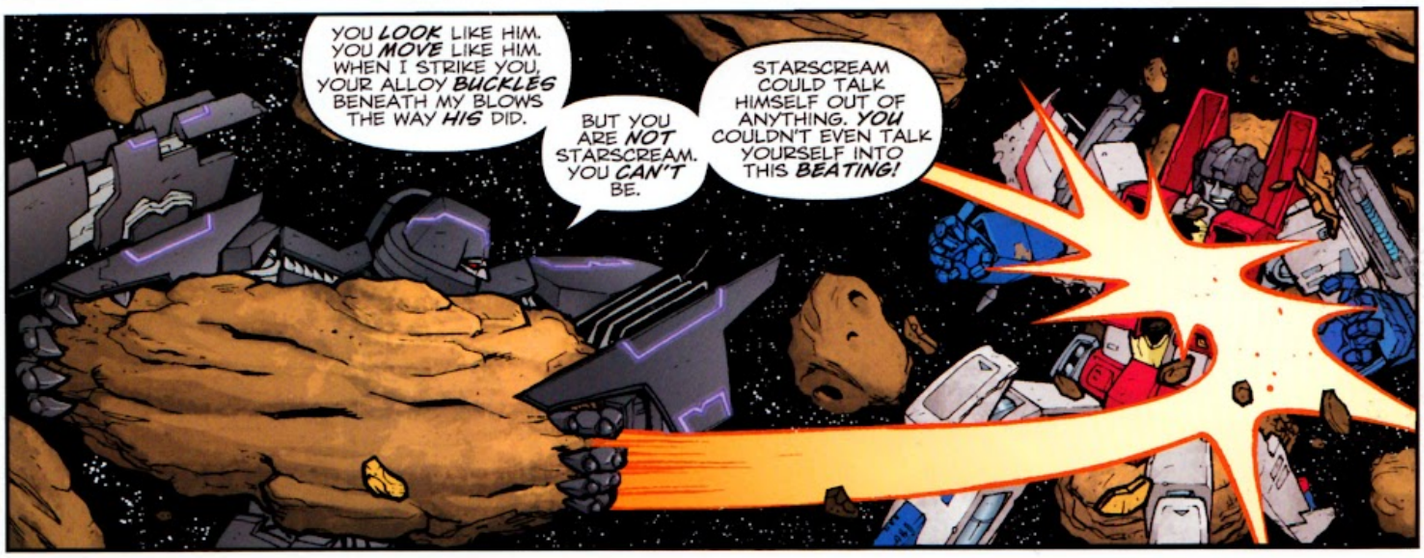
NO! THIS IS NOT YOU, STARSCREAM! I DON'T EXPECT A BACKBONE, BUT I EXPECT A VICIOUSNESS, AN ACIDITY... SOME SELF-PRESERVATION!
YOU WANT ME TO DESTROY YOU?
YES...
YOU REALLY WANT ME TO END THIS ALL, DON'T YOU?
YES!

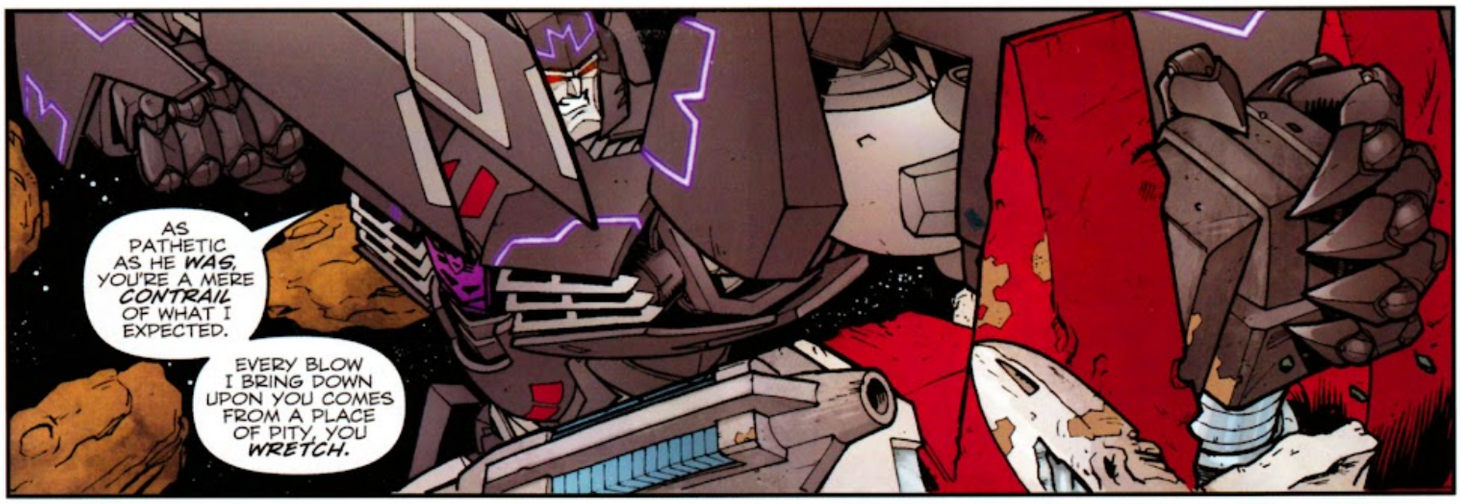
WELL, THINK BACK ON THE LAST THING YOU REALLY WANTED, STARSCREAM, AND REMEMBER WHAT AN UTTER FAILURE THAT WAS, TOO.

NGH!
FA-PA-POW
IT BECOMES CLEARER WITH EVERY JIBE. HE BRISTLES WITH VIOLENCE AT EVERY REMINDER THAT HIS ENTIRE LIFE'S PURSUIT WAS A FUTILE ONE.
AND YET...

IF YOU TRULY SOUGHT RELEASE, YOU WOULD HAVE STOOD YOUR GROUND AFTER EMPTYING YOUR BLASTERS INTO MY FACE.
YOU DON'T SEEK OBLIVION— YOU SEEK PUNISHMENT.
I RARELY LIKE TO HELP OTHERS, STARSCREAM. I SEE IT AS A CHARACTER FLAW. BUT IN THIS CASE...


...LET ME BE OF SERVICE!
HW-KSSH

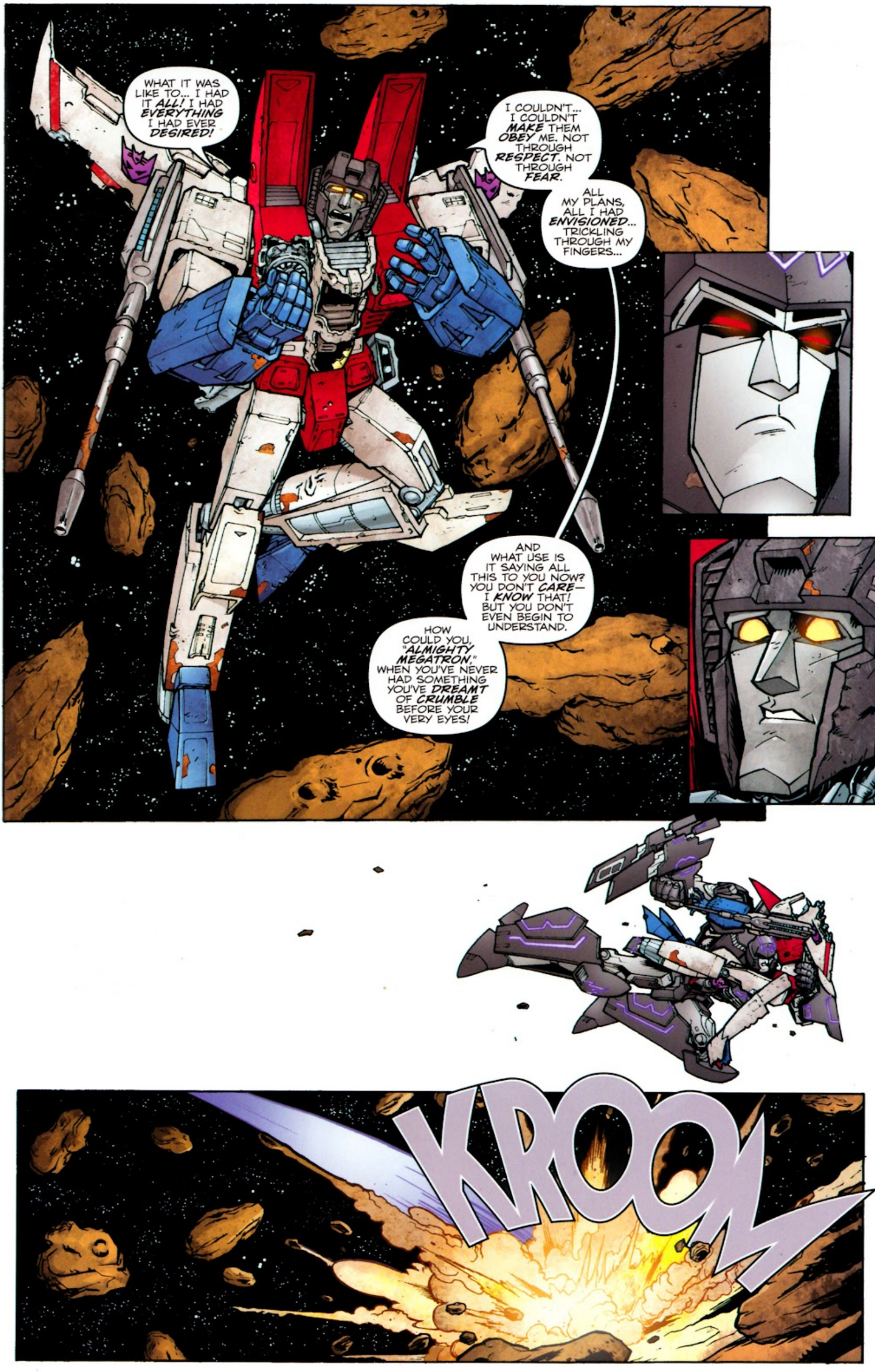

YOU LOOK LIKE HIM. YOU MOVE LIKE HIM. WHEN I STRIKE YOU, YOUR ALLOY BUCKLES BENEATH MY BLOWS THE WAY HIS DID.
BUT YOU ARE NOT STARSCREAM. YOU CAN'T BE.
STARSCREAM COULD TALK HIMSELF OUT OF ANYTHING. YOU COULDN'T EVEN TALK YOURSELF INTO THIS BEATING!

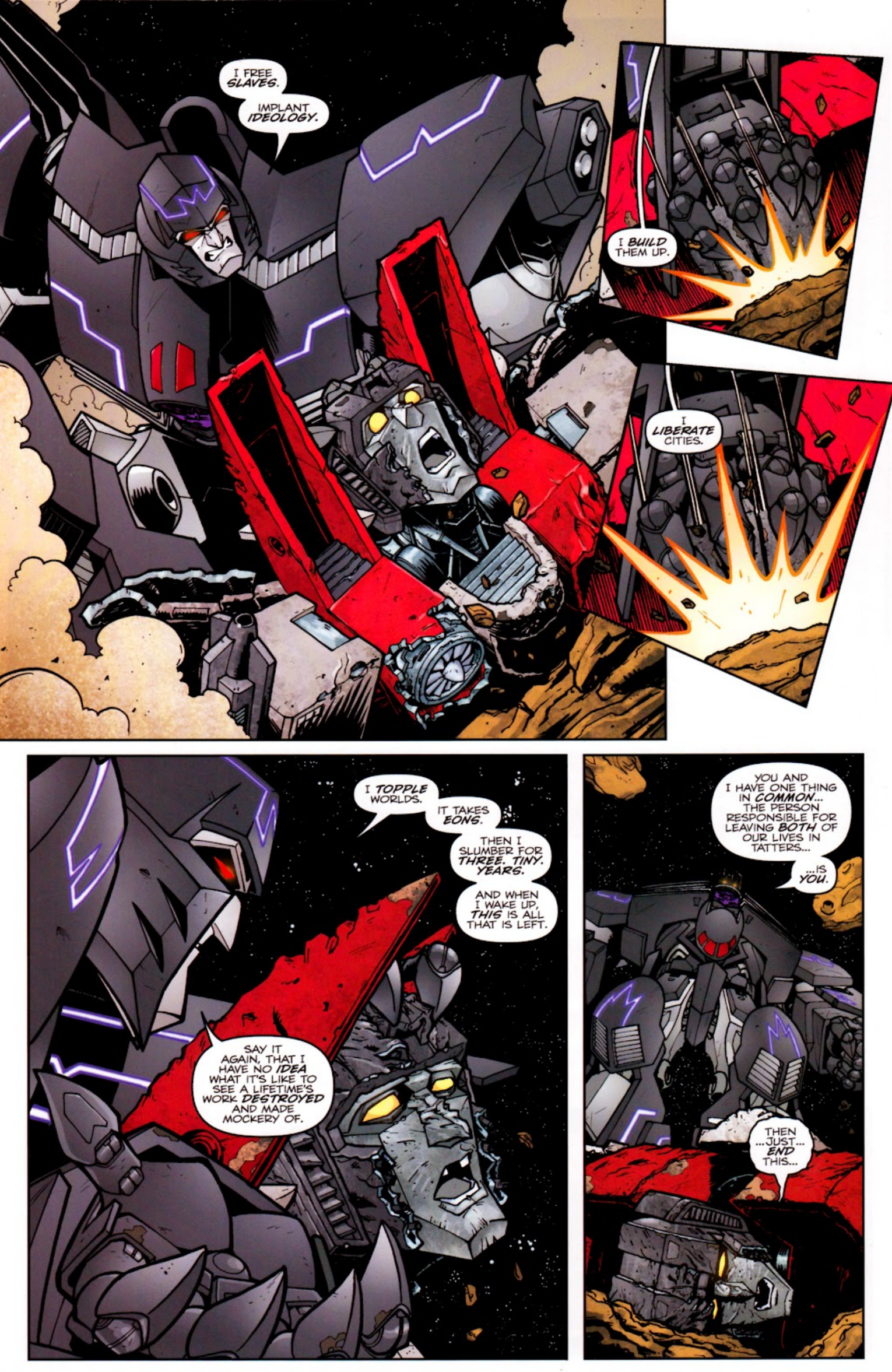

AS PATHETIC AS HE WAS, YOU'RE A MERE CONTRAIL OF WHAT I EXPECTED.
EVERY BLOW I BRING DOWN UPON YOU COMES FROM A PLACE OF PITY, YOU WRETCH.

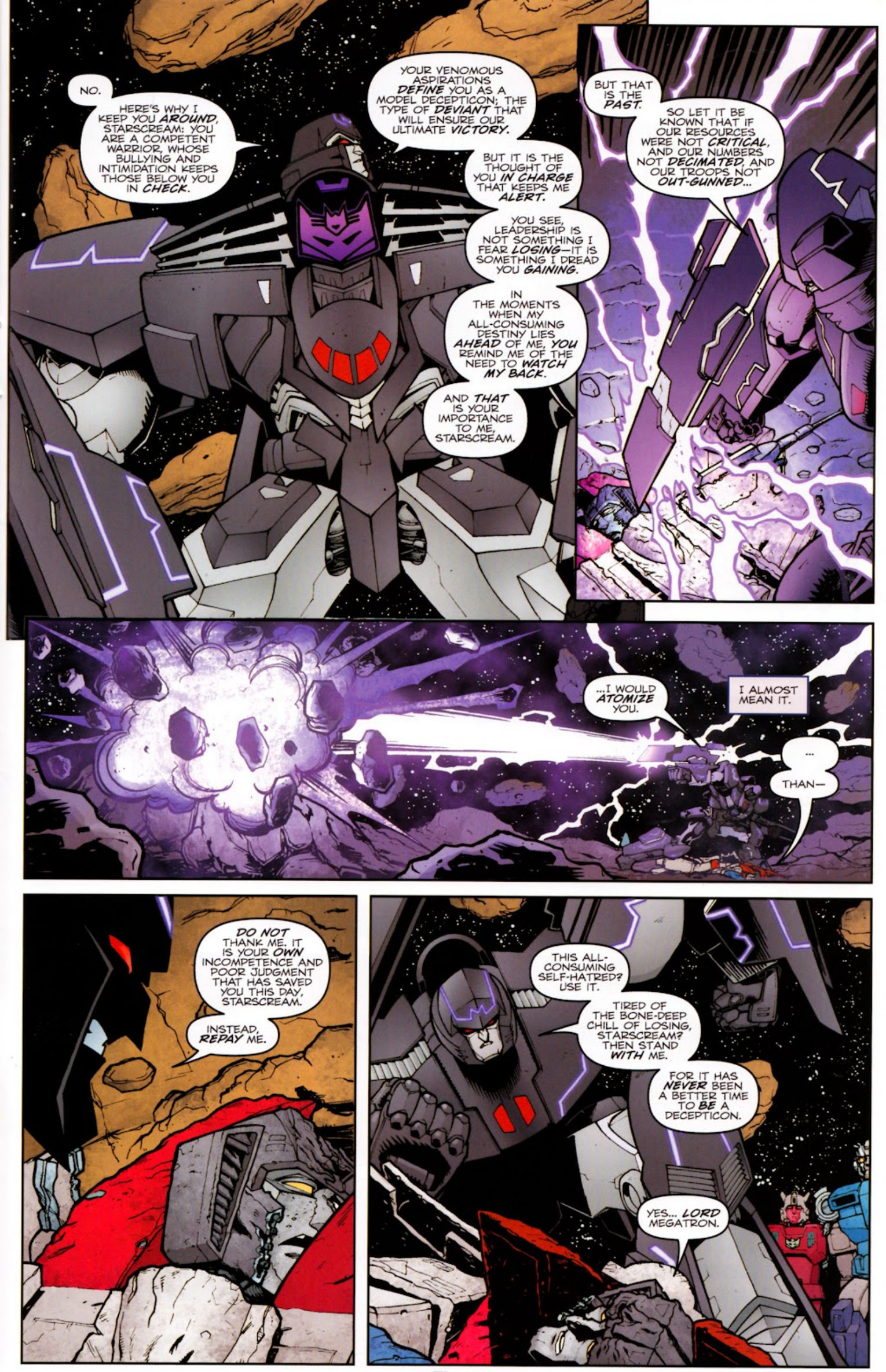
WHAT A MESS... SHOULD WE STOP THEM?
IF YOU DO, I'LL TELEPORT MY FIST INSIDE YOUR ABDOMEN AND WAVE.

TUH—TALK, MEGATRON? YOU WANT ME TO TALK? OR DO YOU WANT ME TO APOLOGIZE; TO BEG FOR MY LIFE, FOR FORGIVENESS—IS THAT IT?
IS IT MY FORGIVENESS YOU SEEK? IS IT ME WHO YOU HAVE LET DOWN?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND...
UNDERSTAND WHAT, STARSCREAM?


WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO... I HAD IT ALL! I HAD EVERYTHING I HAD EVER DESIRED!
I COULDN'T... I COULDN'T MAKE THEM OBEY ME. NOT THROUGH RESPECT. NOT THROUGH FEAR.
ALL MY PLANS, ALL I HAD ENVISIONED... TRICKLING THROUGH MY FINGERS...
AND WHAT USE IS IT SAYING ALL THIS TO YOU NOW? YOU DON'T CARE— I KNOW THAT! BUT YOU DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.
HOW COULD YOU, "ALMIGHTY MEGATRON," WHEN YOU'VE NEVER HAD SOMETHING YOU'VE DREAMT OF CRUMBLE BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!
KROOM


I FREE SLAVES.
IMPLANT IDEOLOGY.
I BUILD THEM UP.
I LIBERATE CITIES.
I TOPPLE WORLDS.
IT TAKES EONS.
THEN I SLUMBER FOR THREE. TINY. YEARS.
AND WHEN I WAKE UP, THIS IS ALL THAT IS LEFT.
SAY IT AGAIN, THAT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SEE A LIFETIME'S WORK DESTROYED AND MADE MOCKERY OF.
YOU AND I HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON... THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR LEAVING BOTH OF OUR LIVES IN TATTERS...
...IS YOU.
THEN ...JUST... END THIS...


NO.
HERE'S WHY I KEEP YOU AROUND, STARSCREAM: YOU ARE A COMPETENT WARRIOR, WHOSE BULLYING AND INTIMIDATION KEEPS THOSE BELOW YOU IN CHECK.
YOUR VENOMOUS ASPIRATIONS DEFINE YOU AS A MODEL DECEPTICON; THE TYPE OF DEVIANT THAT WILL ENSURE OUR ULTIMATE VICTORY.
BUT IT IS THE THOUGHT OF YOU IN CHARGE THAT KEEPS ME ALERT.
YOU SEE, LEADERSHIP IS NOT SOMETHING I FEAR LOSING—IT IS SOMETHING I DREAD YOU GAINING.
IN THE MOMENTS WHEN MY ALL-CONSUMING DESTINY LIES AHEAD OF ME, YOU REMIND ME OF THE NEED TO WATCH MY BACK.
AND THAT IS YOUR IMPORTANCE TO ME, STARSCREAM.
BUT THAT IS THE PAST.
SO LET IT BE KNOWN THAT IF OUR RESOURCES WERE NOT CRITICAL, AND OUR NUMBERS NOT DECIMATED, AND OUR TROOPS NOT OUT-GUNNED...
...I WOULD ATOMIZE YOU.
I ALMOST MEAN IT.
...
THAN—
DO NOT THANK ME. IT IS YOUR OWN INCOMPETENCE AND POOR JUDGMENT THAT HAS SAVED YOU THIS DAY, STARSCREAM.
INSTEAD, REPAY ME.
THIS ALL-CONSUMING SELF-HATRED? USE IT.
TIRED OF THE BONE-DEEP CHILL OF LOSING, STARSCREAM? THEN STAND WITH ME.
FOR IT HAS NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME TO BE A DECEPTICON.
YES... LORD MEGATRON.

YOU HEAR ME, MY DECEPTICONS? VENGEANCE WILL BE OURS! YOU HAVE NO ENERGON? LET HATE BE YOUR FUEL!
HOW ARROGANT— HOW SMALL OF THEM—NOT TO RECOGNIZE WHAT OPPRESSION DOES TO WARRIORS LIKE YOU AND ME.
TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN GHETTOIZED BY THE AUTOBOTS.
HAVE THEY FORGOTTEN THAT IT IS FROM BENEATH THEIR BOOT THAT WE ROSE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
RHETORIC: CHECK. SOUND AND FURY: CHECK.

THE TIME FOR RECRIMINATIONS IS OVER. YOU ARE NEEDED, ALL OF YOU, NO MATTER HOW INJURED OR INFIRM YOU MAY BE.
BLINDED? LET YOUR ANGER LIGHT YOUR WAY. CRIPPLED? YOUR BITTERNESS WILL CARRY YOU TO VICTORY. DISEASED? HATE WILL CURE YOU.
SCATTERED NO LONGER, WE COME TOGETHER, DECEPTICONS! BANDED AND BONDED, WITH RETRIBUTION AND VENGEANCE FOR ALL!

ALL HAI GATRON
BLIND OBEDIENCE OF MY TROOPS: CHECK.
INGENIOUS DISRUPTION OF PLANET EARTH AND ULTIMATE VINDICATION AGAINST THE AUTOBOTS IN MOTION: CHECK.

SOUNDWAVE LURKS: CHECK.
SHOCKWAVE PLOTS: CHECK.
STARSCREAM LIVES TO SCHEME AGAIN: CHECK.
THE DECEPTICONS.

A MILLION YEARS TO CREATE THEM. A THOUSAND DAYS TO DESTROY THEM. A HUNDRED WORDS TO REBUILD THEM. EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE.
TRULY, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS RESURRECTION AND ALL THE OTHERS, IS THAT THIS TIME...
...THIS TIME, I WILL NOT FAIL.

TRANSFORMERS SOLO ADVENTURES CONTINUE!

THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

SPOTLIGHT: BUMBLEBEE

ESCAPE FROM EARTH! Before Cybertron was reborn—Bumblebee led the Autobots on Earth. In this untold tale, he must take the reigns of command... and he's got hundreds of rogue Decepticons standing between him and respect!

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THE HARD PART BEGINS.

THE TRANSFORMERS
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE
#14

THE DECEPTICONS STRIKE!

The day the Autobots hoped would never arrive... is here. Cybertron is burning, Bumblebee's government is crumbling, and Megatron is here. Sides are chosen... and heroes fall.

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THINGS GET MESSY.

THE TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

#14

THE RETURN OF OVERLORD!

Locked in a secret cell underneath the Lost Light, hidden from the crew, a Decepticon psychopath is talking without opening his mouth... and an Autobot with needles for fingers is about to make the biggest mistake of his life

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